

WO hundred miles from the Lower California coast lies the

lupe. Guadalupe is one of the twelve or for centuries the Spaniards have been applying to the various geographical divisions of the earth's surface.

ses elephant on the Guadalupe beaches; I presume the sea elephant is identical with the sea lion. They resemble a lion about as much as an elephant. So the prow of the Henry was turned toward Guadalupe. While on this trip, one morning before daylight I heard at intervals a strange noise, something bestrange looking head emerge momentarily from the water. It gave forth the same cry, dove and came up on the other side of the vessel. It was a seal pup, which the sailors said had lost its mother and followed the vessel, mistaking the hull for its maternal parent.

presume that seals have no recognized fathers to look after them. The poor thing, uttering its plaintive but discordant cry, must have followed us to sea forty or fifty miles. I know not whether the sailors' explanation of its conduct be correct. Anyway it makes | holding up his night lamp so as to comthe occurrence more pathetic, and were mand the entire group.

I utterly unprincipled I should make an "I cannot say, father, unless some of the entire chapter describing how this pup seal followed the Henry during the voyage like a dog, being regularly fed, and as it grew up came on board and was taught a number of accomplishments, among the rest that of supplying us with 'Tis thus that a rigid adherence to veracity spoils many an interesting and thrilling tale, and brings to him who practices it more poverty than pence.

Guadalupe on the third day came in sight-a lone, wave washed, wind swept isle about forty miles in length. It seemed the very embodiment of loneliness. Some would also say of desolaplace he does not inhabit. But though Guadalupe contained not a single representative of the most intelligent animal on the planet, it sustained great herds of goats, sea birds and a little black and white land bird, so tame and trustful as to perch and eat from Miller's and Whitney's tin plates during their former visit

It was our business to murder all the mother sea lions who had established their nurseries at Guadalupe. A boat full of murderers was quickly sent on ried was spent by us in looking for the ry's people for not sighting them, hauled at the idea, as I do now. eir boat well up on the beach at the mouth of a deep canyon, supped on hard broad and water, and turning their craft bottom up, crawled under it for a bed quilt and went to sleep on the sand.

During the night a semi-hurricane, called in those latitudes a "willa wah," came tearing and howling down the canyon. Striking the boat, it rolled it over and over among the rocks, smashed the frail sides and rendered it unseaworthy. For two days the crew roamed up and down the island, living on shellsh and the fresh water left standing in pools, and trying to signal us by fires ready. built on the mountains. The captain was in a state of great perplexity at this disappearance. But, having left a portion of the crew at St. Bartholomew's bay, he had not hands enough to send another boat ashore and work the vessel. Then he dars not come nearer the stairs, followed by his sister and the island than three miles, fearing sunken rocks and currents setting inshere.

On the third night one of their fires for it, by daylight the missing men were a sound came from the closed apartment. seen making for us in an old yawl. Beby former sealers. By stuffing all the uncomfortable position. Laura stepped clothes they could spare in its sun forward, stretched out her hand, touched clothes they could spare in its sun warped cracks and constant bailing they her father and called him by name. managed to keep affeat long enough to How still and cold he is! Oh, Arthur, he

They crawled on board-a pale, hagoward an enormous rock which tow- died of heart disease. ered sentinel-like alone a mile or more
from the north end of the island. It
from the north end of the island. It
was a heavy blow to his children, and
when the inanimate form of their parent
had been consigned to its last earthly rest-Its perpendicular sides seemed built up ing place they sat long and late talking in artificial layers. Toward this the sadly over the future, when suddenly the in artificial layers. Toward this the enry seemed helplessly drifting, and the "Old Man," under the influence of mbined anger and despair, jumped up window and door in the house rattled. and down in his tracks and howled on he quarter deck as he saw the voyage nation. Fortunately a providential or to his feet, while Laura clung to him in socidental breeze came off the land just terror. "Laura," he whispered, "you must nerve n time to give us steerage way.

We trified no more with Guadalupe, at sailed straight away.

PRENTICE MULFORD.

They Thought It Was Original. Pipkin-They tell me Riel is the best he prize offered by the Walton club. Potts-Yes, it was awarded to him: at he won it on a foul. He told the ory of Jonah and the whale as haping to himself!-Puck.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Back from the read, up the old path, Unmindful of harvest and aftermath, With empty casements, drear and gray, The house stands, facing down the bay-And either side the slanting gate The faithful sentinel lilacs wait.

Deep tangling vines with close embrace The porch's fluted columns trace, And busy swallows dart and call From out the rain stained, sagging wall— And longing, watching, desoiate, The faithful sentinel lilacs wait.

At dusk, in the old house I see A dancing light's weird mystery.
Is it a firefly's fitful gleam.
Or some ghost candle's flickering beam? Is it for this, when the hour grows late, The faithful sentinel likes wait? -Mary Fisher Bosson in Boston Transcript.

THE STORY OF A GHOST.

It was a queer, rambling, old fashioned red brick house, with high peaked gables, overlooking the sea, that Mr. Leonard Rivers had purchased as a summer residence. His wife had been dead many years. His family consisted of a son and daughter, a housekeeper and two other servants. The place he had selected was somewhat dilapidated and altogether isolated, which lone island of Guada-lupe. Guadalupe is cially as the greater part of the year he was engaged in mercantile business in London. and this afforded him the quiet he needed. Mr. Rivers had the old place repaired

without changing its antique appearance -had it partly refurnished, and on a bright day in June moved his family thither. Whitney talked of the plentifulness of Laura, his daughter, was in ecstacy, and declared again and again that she would never more think of Brighton and Scarborough; for here she was at the seaside with home and its comforts. One room attracted her more than all the

others. It was large, square, with a bay window commanding altogether the finest view of the sea. The walls were wainscoted, of a pale blue tint, and the furnitween a bellow and a creak. I thought ture, even to the window drapery of the it at first the creaking of something same shade, was old fashioned and com-aloft, but as it grew lighter I saw a fortable, and the owner had decided to leave everything unchanged.

The Rivers had been domiciled for about

a week in the old mansion, when one night a most uncomfortable noise aroused the entire household. It was like the moving of heavy furniture, which created a queer rumbling noise, and actually shook the house. Laura appeared in her dressing gown in the hall simultaneously with her father and brother, and very soon after the housekeeper, with the terrified Jane and another girl clinging to her for protection, pale and speechless.

"What the dickens, Arthur, can this mean?" questioned the old gentleman,

crumbling walls have fallen." At that moment the silence was again broken by a renewal of the strange sounds.
"Ghosts! Oh, Lord!" gasped Jane, clinging still more closely to the trembling

housekeeper. Mr. Rivers commanded her harshly to be silent, and requested his daughter to take the frightened women to her own room and endeavor to get them to listen to common sense, while he and his son explored the grounds and house to ascertain the cause of the disturbance.

After a haif hour of watching and fruitess endeavor to quiet the fears of the housekeeper and maids Laura hailed the return of her father and brother, who detion, as man is ever disposed to call any clared themselves at a loss to know what could have occasioned the weird noises. They had found every room perfectly quiet and in their wonted order; had also explored the garret and ruined wings of the building, but nothing unusual had occurred. At last all appeared unchanged, Dismissing the housekeeper and maids and inducing Laura to retire, the father and

son went to their respective rooms, and were not disturbed again during the night. At the breakfast table the subject was discussed, and Mr. Rivers declared his intention of spending the night in the mysterious blue room.

"The strange noise," he said, "I am cershore. We did not see boat or crew tain, came from that quarter. Anyhow, I persons who came to occupy the house again for three days. Most of that persons to sixty to the house to the latter of the leaves the numbers of the latter of the la to the bottom; for, to tell you the truth, I was friendly informed by boat, and by the boat's crew in looking the agent before I purchased the house at us. They landed on the first day, that it had the reputation of being haunted, found no seal, put off at dusk, lost us in and no tenant could be induced to remain a fog, went ashore, swore at the Hen- for any length of time. Of course I laughed

"That some human agency is at work to drive us away I am fully convinced; and that the little old man who had charge of the place, and who is still in my employ is at the bottom of it I do not doubt Therefore I wish you both to keep my intention a profound secret. But when you retire, Arthur, you send for the old man and keep him in your room all night.' The next morning Laura hastily dressed

herself and went down to brenkfast, to find her brother slone and waiting for her "Arthur, where is papa?" was her first

"He has not come down yet, and I have just sent up to tell him that breakfast is

peared at the door and said: "Jane daren" go up to the blue room, sir, so I went myself. The door was locked, and I called to master, and rapped my knuckles nearly off, but couldn't get an answer, sir."
Without a word Arthur sprang up the

housekeeper, whose faces vied with each other in whiteness. At the door of the mysterious room all paused and waited was seen from the Henry. Standing in silence which followed was oppressive. Not Arthur was obliged to force the door. It hind, full of water, was towed the shat-tered whale boat. The yawl had been his father, apparently asieep to an easy found on the beach, probably left there chair, with his head thrown back in an

is dead?

She had spoken the truth. Death had gard, famished lot-and I was kept very overtaken him in the haunted chamber. ousy for a time ministering to their Arthur carried the fainting form of his vants. They are steadily for an hour, sister to her own apartment, and dispatched Even with this rescue a greater catas- a messenger to the nearest town to procure rophe than all came near happening. proper assistance. The face of the dead man was calm, unconvuised, showed no Becalmed and by means of a treacherous sign of either alarm or pain, and the post current we were being rapidly carried mortem examination showed that he had

peculiar rumbling sound grated again upon their ears, starting them from their sorrow. It increased in intensity until every

Arthur and his sister had been sitting by an open window with only the light of proaching such an unfortunate termi- the moon, and at the first sound he sprang

yourself to remain here alone, for I am de termined to fathom this matter beyond all question. Listen to me, Laura. That our dear father had disease of the heart I have long known. But I firmly believe he received some horrible shock while alone in the blue room that was the immediate the other, Mr. Thomas P. Childress, is ler of fish stories going-that he took | termined to ascertain the fact, and punish cause of his death. Consequently I am de-

His voice was low, but there was a ring of ft. 5 in. and weighs 240 pounds. of determination in it that carried with it

her lips, and she only whispered: "Take me with you, dear Arthur. Let me share with you any danger or mystery. I will show you that I am my father's child, brave and strong."

"Can I trust you, Laura? Think well be-fore you decide."

"Try me-only try me."
"Come, then; but remember what I tell you. No matter what you may see or hear, you must neither move nor speak. Will you promise that?"

"Yes, faithfully." Taking her hand, they threaded the dark passages leading to the blue room without even so much of noise as the echo of their footsteps. At the door they paused for a Then Arthur gently opened it and led his sister within. The curtains were looped back, and emitted enough of moonlight to render every object dimly Everything remained as it had been left upon the morning of their father's

Arthur crossed the room with his sister, and they took their places behind the heavy damask curtains which hung from the old fashioned high post bedstead. For at least a quarter of an hour they watched, and silence reigned supreme about the houseso much so, that the beating of their own hearts appeared audible as they crouched in their place of concealment.

Still they remained motionless, and Laura was fast becoming more composed and reassured by the perfect quiet, when suddenly the peculiar rumbling sound began again, and, to the consternation of the watchers, they saw one of the large square panels in the wainscoting slide from it position and reveal a dark cavity beyond. Scarcely breathing, they awaited the result, expecting to see some terrible shape appear. Arthur grasped his revolver more firmly and his sister clung to him for

But nothing presented itself to their strained vision, and in a few moments after the panel slid back as if over huge rollers, propelled by an invisible hand, and explaining the peculiar sound that had so alarmed them and which had appeared like the moving of heavy furniture. The panel continued to move backward and forward at intervals for some time. Then it remained motion.ess, and though the brother and sister relaxed not their vigilance for even a single moment nothing came to alarm them, and now, holding the key of the mystery, they determined upon an early investigation.

To all appearances that particular por tion of the wainscoting was the same as the rest-a solid wall. But upon sounding it gave forth a hollow noise, and finally, ter many attempts with the point of his knife. Arthur had the satisfaction of see ing it move so far that he could insert his fingers. Then he could easily force it far enough back (and without making any considerable noise) to admit his body, and on looking within he distinctly saw a narrow, dark passage, and rude stone steps leading to regions below.

They proceeded down a long, winding stone staircase, that appeared to conduct them far beneath the old house, and entered a passage half choked up by fallen stones and dirt. Its direction was to the north for some distance, and then abruptly turned toward the sea and terminated in a huge cavern. It was tenantless, though with plain marks of having been recently

A dirty pack of cards was scattered over a rude table with several pieces of false money and the remnants of a feast. There were a couple of benches, a few broken chairs, a pile of casks at one end containing liquors, burglar's instruments, and dies for casting false coin, scattered in randon confusion—all pointing to the condusion that the cave was the haunt of ourglars and coiners.

Laura clung tremblingly to her brother, and whispered, with white lips, "Oh, Ar-thur, what a dreadful place! Let us hasten back before the wretches who congregate here come and surprise us."

"Never fear, sister. It is, as I fancied, the endezvous of a gang of outlaws, who only spend their nights here in rioting and following their unlawful calling. The sliding panel creating the mysterious sounds they imagined would be attributed to the supernatural, and so frighten away any we have seen enough.

The return was swiftly made, the panel replaced, and Laura retreated to her own room to obtain the rest she greatly stood in need of. Her brother rode to the next town and made arrangements with the authorities to have a force on hand at midnight. Long before that hour they appeared in little squads and were silently admitted and conducted to the blue room young Rivers standing in the secret panel and waiting for it to be moved

Presently it slid back with a heavy rumbling noise and Arthur sprang through the opening, collared some one who attempted to give a signal, choked him into silence, dragged him forth and revealed the face of the little old gardener! He was instantly gagged and bound, and Arthur, accompanied by the body of armed men, descended to the cavern, surprised the entire band of desperadoes, and quickly scorted them to prison through an opening by way of the sea.

In due time they were tried and sen enced to long years of punishment, the old gardener included. The red house was troubled no more by mysterious sounds, and even the housekeeper and two maids had to give up their ideas of ghosts and a

Some years later, and upon her wedding day, Arthur presented to his sister the property, and her honeymoon was passed It is now an occasional resort for her London friends; but, notwithstanding the secret staircase has been walled up and the sliding panel secured, Laura cannot be induced to occupy the blue room for a single night. It contains, as it ever will, the mystery of her father's death .- Courier-

A Favorable Impression. Amy-Papa, do you know anything of Mr. Rustle, who has called on me once or

Papa-He's a young business man. Amy-Ah! I like a man who means busi-

Virginia Giants.

If ever the United States government, like Frederick the Great and the present King of Belgium, requires a regiment of Titans, it can doubtless recruit one without advertising very largely or very long. A correspondent tells how big some of the men grow in Pulaski and Montgomery counties, Va .- and other states are still to be heard from.

Three brothers, Mesers, Henry, James and William McGavock, are respectively 6 ft. 6; in., 6 ft. 5; in. and 6 ft. 7; in. tall. Two brothers, near neighbors of mine, Andrew and William Ingles, are each 6 ft. 4 in., while several others in Pulaski county, whose height I cannot give from positive knowledge, are known to be upward of six feet. In fact I believe the men of this county will average at least six feet tall.

7 in. in height and weighs 255 pounds; 6 ft. 64 in. high and weighs 205 pounds. William Myers, of the same county, is

A Mr. Urquhart, of Lynchburg, is 6 ft. conviction to face any danger—to do or die

and his sister ceased her endeavors to de
Mr. Fetherstone, of the same place, is tain him. The words of entreaty died on | 6 ft. 7 in,-Youth's Companion.

HOW THE VIOLETS COME.

I know-blue, modest violets,

Gleaming with dew at morn— I know the place you come from And the way that you are born! When God cuts holes in Heaven. The holes the stars look through, He lets the scraps fall down to earth-

THE MAN WHO READ.

When the wealthy merchant who was the father of Abd-er-Rahman Al-Iskan-derani died, the son, feeling great grief at his loss, retired from the world. He neither had any dealings with other merchants nor held social intercourse with his friends. He bemoaned himself when he arose and when he went to rest, and found his only

solace in study.

After a while he forgot even his great grief in the accumulation of knowledge, and finally became convinced that he was more thoroughly read, wiser, better in-formed and more highly accomplished than any other man alive, and that it was at least a sin of omission to keep all this wisdom shut up within his own brain. Having communed with himself for a space, he resolved to write a series of instructive narratives and read them aloud to persons whose opportunities had been less than his. And having carefully prepared a condensed history of Arabia, couched in simple language, he called together all his slaves, servants and attendants, poor creatures who had never before had any instruction whatever, and having advised them that he was about to improve their

minds, began to read aloud. So deeply interested in his own performance was he that only the fading light of the lamps, in which the oil had burned low, aroused him. He looked about him. The slaves whom he had permitted to seat themselves were most of them lying flat, resting upon each other's knees, curled up in corners. Every eye was tightly shut, and those who had the habit were snoring. His first reading had but one auditor-

As Abd-er-Rahman arose in his wrath, a sound of tumult fell upon his ears. The slaves had left the gates unfastened when they came to partake of this their first intellectual feast, which had had all the effect of opium upon their senses. Robbers had entered and plundered the house, the police had just discovered the fact, and according to the law of Cairo, the householder who had placed such a temptation before the weak and sinful was arrested

and heavily fined. Abd-er-Rahman had lost a great deal of money by this his first venture as an instructer of mankind, and had suffered not a few pangs of wounded vanity besides. However, these were poor, ignorant slaves, weary with toil. Perhaps be had been foolish to choose such an audience. The next reading should be a very different one.

In pursuance of this resolution he made preparations for a great entertainment in the most fashionable manner, invited his most elegant and wealthy friends and wrote what he believed to be a most charming story, in which he proved, by means of the most thrilling jucidents, the truth that the most powerful men on earth must of necessity repose all their trust in Almighty God; and which he proposed to read to his guests after they had done jus-tice to his feast, as the speeches and other intellectual good things come in after a modern dinner.

Meanwhile four distinguished looking strangers-foreigners-had called upon him, requesting invitations to his entertainment; not for the sake of its meat and drink and good company, but because of their great desire to hear that wonderful reading which was to follow. The delighted Abd-er-Rahman extended them every courtesy and introduced them, under the fine names and titles that they gave, to all his friends. Moreover, he placed them on his right hand and directed most of his conversation to them.

Finally the feast was over. The manuscript, wrapped in an embroidered napkin, was brought to the host, and he began to read what he had written. To his horror, as at intervals he cast his eyes over the done, but such dignified repose as the pastor of many a church has the opportunity the four strangers, who sat bolt upright, all their eight eyes fixed upon the countenance of the reader. This fact was balm to the afflicted soul of Abd-er-Rahman, And having concluded his tale and re-ceived the usual tokens of oriental applause, he complimented these gentlemen

on the superiority of their intellect. "It was the thrilling interest of the tale which held us," said the eldest. "May we be permitted to linger in your company for awhile in order to enjoy your conversa-

Abd-er-Rahman expressed himself as highly honored, and proceeded, assisted by his servants, to arouse his sleeping guests and dismiss them; in fact, he civilly turned them out of his house and returned to seek the four wise men. Alas! they were missing, and with them had vanished a service of gold set with gems, which had adorned the table, and all the silver used, save one flat salver, on which the robber chief, Al Harran, had written thanks for his good dinner and the trouble the learned gentle-man had taken to entertain him. In fact, Abd-er-Rahman had had for his guest the arch chief of the orient and three of his

In haste he rushed to the chief of the janizaries to make a complaint, but only got himself into trouble for having harbored such a criminal under his roof, was fined and bastinudoed and much reviled. Moreover, he had offended every friend he had by his abrupt dismissal of his guests. No one would speak to him, and he was very wretched. However, he so greatly desired to give his readings that it occurred to him that he would no longer remain a bachelor;

he would marry a wife. Naturally children would arrive. In time he would have an audience all his own, delighted that he, the head of the house, so ondescended to them. As he wished his wife to be a woman of mind and experience he chose the widow of a very learned and distinguished man. All might have been well but that Abd-er-Rahman conceived the idea of reading a narrative on the occasion of his wedding feast, and un-

luckily carried it out.

Alas' the bride's unclealept before he had finished three sentences; the bride's father followed suit. One after the other the guests dropped off more or less peacefully, and the only person who remained awake was a relative of the bride, the black sheep of the family. Unfortunately Abd-er-Rahman had chosen for his tale the life of a wicked young man, and the listener chost to consider it an offense, a moral lesson directed personally to himself, and just as the innocent and injured Abd-er-Rahman arrived at the conclusion of his narrative, which delivered the wicked hero to just punishment, the enraged youth drew his sword, rushed upon him and sliced off his because they would all meet again in part of the servants Abd er-Rabman would have been assassinated; and again applica- and still interest themselves in social retion to those in authority resulted in new roubles for the story teller, who was reprimanded and fined for having insuited a family of high position by dragging its

him was esteemed a hero.

However, domestic felicity was now his.

Fatima sided with her husband, believed Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

his tale, sorrowed for his injuries and prayed him to read to her every day. There-fore, during his convalescence, Abder-Rahman prepared the most important of his works, setting forth the whole duty of a wife to her husband in the form of what he believed to be a light and amusing narrative, with an occasional oasis where the laughter necessary to the weak feminine

laughter necessary to the weak feminine mind might come in appropriately.

Fatima sat down to listen to this story, on a cushion at her husband's feet. Between them was a chaing dish full of hot coals, for the day was chilly. After having glanced occasionally at Fatima, to see that her great black eyes were wide open, Abder-Rahman became lost in his reading. Suddenly a smell of smoke and undue warmth about the lower limbs aroused him to the fact that his Fatima had fallen asleep and that her vail had dropped among the coals of the chafing dish.

While extinguishing the clothing of his bride, Abd-er-Kahman did not observe that the chafing dish was overset. He saved Fatima's life, but his dwelling and all that it contained were destroyed. However, Fatima was very cunning. She declared to her husband that the interest she felt in the erring wife, who was the heroine of the tale, was so excessive that she had actually swooned away. Sleep! Not she, while he honored her by a private reading. This delicate flattery touched Abd-er-Rahman's heart. He vowed she should be his sole gentleman may legally have as many as he can afford was an unusual compliment; and when a new home had been prapared he set himself to the completion of a tale that should excel anything ever before

When it came to the reading, Fatima expressed delight, but prudently requested to be permitted to stand before him while he read. This she did, hoping to remain awake; but, alas! the soporific influence of the new narrative was so great that the poor wife, unable to resist it, went to sleep standing, fell and broke several of her bones. However, her desire to please her husband was intense, and while lying upon her couch awaiting the healing of her in juries she requested him to write and read to her something suitable to her condition To this he assented; and having concocted an essay on the good effect of suffering upon women, and the evil that too much happiness was sure to occasion, he pro-ceeded to read it to Fatima, who had suffered too much pain of late to sleep sound ly, and who was greatly exhausted. The tale was divided into three events, or chap-

At the end of the first Fatima was wrapped in slumber. As she had bidden a faithful slave to declare her wide awake, but speechless with interest, her spouse read on until the conclusion, when the attendant physician arrived. Alas! he found Fatima in so deep a sleep that nothing could rouse her. And, as she slept steadily for three days and three nights, the worthy doctor felt it due to himself to accuse Abder-Rahman of having bewitched his wife. The penalty was very severe, and the only way in which his wife could free him from the false accusation was to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about his readings.

Abd-er-Rahman only saved his head by the sacrifice of all his pride and vanity. But Fatima was very acute and very anxious to make her husband happy. Once alone with him, she declared that the matter of the tale was wildly interesting, but that his voice, so soft and dulcet and refined, and his manner so calm and sooth-ing, induced repose, and she advised him to have his admirable narratives read aloud by some harsh voiced slave in his presence.

Abd-er-Rahman took his wife's advicewhich she contrived to twist into a compli ment-and filled his kiosk in the garden with guests, placed an educated slave in their midst, reclined upon his cushions and bade him proceed

The first sentences were certainly fine. He congratulated himself on being their author. He placed his head in a more comfortable position, and in a moment more was sound asleep. When he awoke, the kiosk was empty of all but himself and the slave, who, with the last lines of his master's narrative rolled across his finger, was sleeping peacefully.

Terror, mortification, rage and sorrow company to note what effect he had pro-duced, he saw one after the other pass having beaten the poor slave awake he gently into the Land of Nod. They did rushed into his house to find his guests not sprawl and snore as the slaves had dispersed about it, evidently quite at home, eating what they chose, drinking what they liked and generally laughing at him. Finof observing every Sunday fell upon them.

All were listening intently with folded ing an imitation of his readings, he rushed All were listening intently with folded ing an imitation of his readings, he rushed arms and bent heads and closed lids, save upon him, and in his rage wounded him so severely that he died. For this he was ar-The fact that the man had intrud ed into his harem being brought forward by the wise Fatima, who claimed that she had called upon her husband to drive him forth, saved Abd-er-Rahman's life. But as the guest was a man of high position, vengeance was necessary. All that the poor fellow possessed was confiscated, and he found himself destitute and forlorn, wandering in the streets of Cairo, his only

companion his faithful Fatima. It was at this period that a great man of the town, afflicted with insomnia, offered a large reward to any physician who could restore to him the blessing of slumber. Fatima, hearing of this, sought the great man's residence and implored him to permit her hashand to read one of his narratives to him.

The fame of these soporific entertain ments had spread through Cairo, and Fatima's request was granted.

Abd-er-Rahman took his seat beside the invalid's bedside armed with his latest production, entitled "What Avails Wealth if Health Forsake a Man?" and in half an hour had done what all the doctors in the land had failed to accomplish. The great man slumbered sweetly.

On awakening he appointed the nor humbled Abd-er-Rahman to be his chief reader, and as long as he lived the latter held that position, bound to read to his employer every night a new and original parrative.

At last he had obtained an audience. He was invaluable to a man who found it difficult to slumber.-Mary Kyle Dallas in New York Ledger.

With regard to watches and chains, it may be said that they are both essential one to the other. The long nickel chain is frequently worn with the gold time-piece, but it would be the acme of shoddiness to attach a gold chain to a watch of

Woman's Power Without the Ballot. No earnest woman can embark in any rumane work without having the truth borne in upon her of the helpless condition of a citizen without a vote. Put a single profligate qualified male voter in one scale, and a score of conscientious, disfranchised women in the other, and we know which scale will kick the beam. So every struggle for the uplifting of the race which enlists the support of woman is a sure preparatory school for her comprehension of equal rights.

There is a fable of a company of heavers who consoled themselves on parting But for prompt interference on the the hatter's shop. And the unthinking women who decide the thought of voting form will be certain to find themselves some ane morning in the camp of woman suffrage, but with a wholeness which skeletons to the light of day, and the youth who had assumed a cap never intended for vison.



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